The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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MY PSALM.

I mourn no more my vanished years:
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look, in hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare:
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
Aside the toiling oar:
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given;

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong;
The graven flowers that wreathe the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hand shall learn to heal,
To build as to destroy;
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered way,
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair;

That all the jaring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angels of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

—*John G. Whittier.*

THE PATTERN ON THE MOUNT.

"Moses was admonished of God when he was about to make the tabernacle: for, See, saith he, that thou make all things according to the pattern shewed to thee in the mount."—HEB. viii. 5.

These words, translated from the book of Exodus, were intended by the author of this Epistle to the Hebrews to enforce upon Jewish converts the acceptance of Christianity as a new covenant of grace. The old tabernacle, which had been borne before the wandering people when they journeyed, and placed in the midst of their tents when they rested at night, and stood to the Israelite as the symbol of God's invisible presence, had served its purpose, and was "nigh unto vanishing away." A new tabernacle of the living God had appeared,—a more perfect Shekinah of the Highest,—not of wood, but of flesh and blood, even Jesus Christ, "a minister of the sanctuary and of the true tabernacle which the Lord pitched, not man." The legal covenant under Moses was to be supplanted by the spiritual covenant under Christ. "The law came by Moses, but grace and truth by Jesus Christ."

Moses came to mould a horde of semi-civilized people into a compact nation, to inspire them with national ideals and patriotic sentiments. Jesus came to attempt a more stupendous task, to redeem mankind from ignorance and sin and suffering, and to lift them into conscious and true relationship with the eternal Father. Great tasks like these are committed only to great souls; and even they cannot achieve them in their own might, but must rely at every turn upon the power which commissioned them. The call to such missions is divine, and divine is the strength by which they are completed. The grand outline of their work may come to them in a flash of revelation, but the strength and the courage to achieve it are born of frequent broodings over the great revelation and constant communion with Him who gave it.

And so it happens that the world's recognized teachers and saviours have been much given to solitude. In the stillness of lonely places they have heard the voice which disturbs the calm of lofty meditation. The Old and New Testaments are full of such instances.

There is doubtless much of the world's most helpful and inspiring truth which has yielded itself to patient, plodding research, and has been won by man's untiring skill and industry. But by far the most luminous and quickening ideas and principles have dropped upon the listening ear out of infinite solitudes and from a realm that is not ours. Efforts are constantly being made to throw a measure round the sons of God, and to account for their words and deeds; but they are all futile. They and their teaching belong to serene heights which none but themselves can scale; and all our petty struggles to get around them, and gauge them by some meagre standard of our own, are unavailing. The noblest work done in life's sequestered vales has been wrought out in obedience to visions which thrilled the prophet or the poet with awe and delight, as they spread out before him from sun-piercing summits; and the function of lesser souls is to look on with wondering reverence, and revere with profound humiliation a worth they cannot win.

But is there not an element of prophetic insight in every man? Is there a soul so dull that it has not now and then its hours of visitation from the living God? Does God leave any soul, however humble and obscure, without some revelation of what its life and work should be? Great tasks, it is true, are committed to great souls; but there are some tasks which, though relatively small, are great to those who attempt them. Very few people are so unideal that they are uniformly contented with crude pleasures and commonplace achievements. Most of them have their episodes of romance and enthusiasm, which awaken new senses in the soul, and give new refinements to life and new glory to the world. We are all more or less amenable to strange possibilities of virtue and piety; and few are so unfortunate as not to come under the spell of some saintly man or woman, the magic of whose nobility wins our admiration.

Our history must have been exceptionally unblessed if its monotonous sameness has not been broken at times with joyous dreams that did not vanish with waking. In all likelihood we have had inspiring glimpses of higher things. In a religious sense, we, too, have seen the face of God. Our sight has often been purified by meditation, clarified by faith and prayer; and in mo-

ments of exaltation there have come to us perceptions of what was indispensable to the moral stability and righteousness of our lives.

But, while we may fairly claim that most lives have their ideals, we must not overlook the fact that many let their visions go. Moses, on Mount Sinai, heard the divine voice and accepted the divine revelation; but, when he descended to the valley, and approached the confines where the loftiest must hold communion with the meanest, his vision forsook him, and in anger he destroyed the revelation that had come to him in a serener atmosphere, and amid holier surroundings. And is not this the peril that besets us all? In our exalted moods we share the prophet's vision and the poet's dream and the saint's ecstasy. But, when we descend the mountain into the valley of common life, the vision fades and the dream vanishes. The farther we go into life, the more we mix with sordid men and sordid things, the dimmer becomes our moral vision, and the less tender and sensitive are our feelings and affections. Too close and constant commerce with the world is sometimes fatal to our elevation and refinement.

Let a man neglect the upward look and the daily cultivation of his inner life, and he soon becomes arid as dust. Let him learn to put his ideals out of sight, to fling his sentiments to the winds, and to herd daily with common thoughts and low desires, and a quick degeneration sets in, and sweetness and light vanish beyond recall. There is a marvellous elasticity in this nature of ours. It can climb to the loftiest summits, and then quickly descend to the lowest depths. This facility to rise or fall is a temptation which specially besets those who work in the things of the imagination and strive after an ideal.

The men who have most powerfully quickened the pulse of mankind have been those who brought the mountain air and light into the lowly ways of life. The prophet, poet, or statesman who has wrought enduring things for mankind has ever been the one who took his pattern from things heavenly, and most of all from him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and who in the loftiness of his nature could say, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." For more than a thousand years the world's best has been Christian. That is an unchallenged fact. The world's best has been Christian, in art, in literature, in science, in every single pursuit. Jesus has done for humanity what no other personality did or could do. He has revealed sources of power, faith, patience, love, within the soul, which place it in a position of comparative independence of its circumstances and surroundings.

He is above us and yet near us. We all need his presence in the daily strife of Christian duty, as a perfect Son of God to be followed and imitated. His inspiration can help us wonderfully; for he lived the life we are called upon to live, and was tempted as we are tempted, and was tried like us by cruel sorrow and disappointment, and was victorious over all. When we wrestle with hardships, let us think of him who never shrank from a duty, however difficult or dangerous. When we are beset with allurements to evil, let us remember him who, amid trials keener than any we are called upon to encounter, kept a conscience free from stain, a manhood unsullied by impurity, a heart above all falsehood and meanness, a face and character which men were bound to honor and women to trust. We cannot take upon ourselves his name or pledge ourselves to discipleship, and not be willing to share his cross, if need be, that at last we may wear with him the crown of victory.— *Rev. John Cuckson.*

THE STILL HOUR.

"NOT AS I WILL."

Blindfolded and alone I stand,
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope:
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load
And too few helpers on the road;

And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long:
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will": the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will": the darkness feels
More safe than life when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all his love fulfil,
"Not as I will."

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

There are many who seem to think that we have fallen on an age in the world when life is especially difficult and anxious, when there is less leisure than of yore, and the struggle for existence is keener than ever. It may be an age of hard work; but, when this is not carried to an extreme, it is by no means an evil. If we have less leisure, one reason is because life is so full of interest. Cheerfulness is the daughter of employment; and, on the whole, I believe there never was a time when modest merit and patient industry were more sure of reward. . . .

If we are ever in doubt what to do, it is a good rule to ask ourselves what we shall wish on the morrow that we had done. Moreover, the result will in the long run depend not so much on some single resolution or on our action in a special case, but rather on the preparation of daily life. Battles are often won before they are fought. To control our passions, we must govern our habits, and keep watch over ourselves in the small details of every-day life. We should then watch ourselves in small things. If "you wish not to be of an angry temper, do not feed the habit: throw nothing on it which will increase it. At first keep quiet, and count the days on which you have not been angry. I used to be in a passion every day, now every second day; then every third day, then every fourth. But, if you have intermitted thirty days, make a sacrifice to God. For the habit at first begins to be weakened, and then is completely destroyed." *

We may all, if we will, secure peace of mind for ourselves. We cannot expect to be happy if we do not lead pure and useful lives. To be good company for ourselves, we must store our minds well, fill them with happy and pure thoughts; we must be careful on what we allow our minds to dwell. The soul is dyed by its thoughts. Peace of mind, as Ruskin beautifully observes, "must come in its own time, as the waters settle themselves into clearness as well as quietness: you can no more filter your mind into purity than you can compress it into calmness; you must keep it pure if you would have it pure, and throw no stones into it if you would have it quiet."—*From "The Pleasures of Life," by Sir John Lubbock.*

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

VENICE.

There is one thing that we both wished when we found ourselves on Italian ground. We might have provided ourselves with the Italian translation of "Black Beauty," and given one copy to every cabman. For this time it was a lost opportunity. We were only three weeks in Italy, and the greater part of the time in Venice, where there are no horses and no drivers.

Instead there are gondolas and gondoliers. A great deal of the enjoyment of the traveller in Venice depends on having a good gondolier. Ours had been recommended by a friend who had employed him year after year, and he proved the pearl of gondoliers. He was not a typical Italian, dark-eyed and handsome, but had a gentle, serious, earnest face, of the fair, sunburned type. He met us at the station, and conveyed us in his gondola to our hotel.

The last time I was in Venice we arrived in the midst of a crimson sunset, travelling toward the marble palaces of the city of dreams over the wide and somewhat dreary marshes, so that we were overwhelmed and pervaded by the spirit of Venice before we arrived.

This time we arrived in a thunder-storm. The marshes which we traversed in our rail-

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* Epictetus.

way carriage seemed not unlike those in the neighborhood of Boston, and the station was as prosaic as any other. But, when we had made our way through the station, and stepped out upon the pier behind, with marble steps leading directly down into the water, and the row of gondolas waiting at the lowest step, we found we had arrived. It is true that for those not born fishes or mermaids, and accustomed to walking on dry land, to step in one instant off the solid ground into a city where the streets are all water, and a thunder-shower coming down upon our heads from above, seemed a little *too* watery a welcome. But then we were in Venice: that made up for everything.

Every one tries to describe Venice, and no one succeeds. From Howells downward all attempts have been failures. Sunsets, moonlight, wide lagoons, old palaces, and churches, churches, churches; Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Giovanni Bellini, Torcello, San Lazzaro; floating all day and half the night in a gondola,—that is nearly all that any one can say; "the silent city," "the city of dreams," the Vineta of the poem,—the "sunken city of the heart." We step out of the world of sunshine and broad daylight, prose and business, into this enchantment; and when we leave it, we awaken from our dream, and the spell is dissolved. There is, every now and then, a little breach in the golden haze of poetry and romance which is the natural atmosphere of Venice. The little steamers that go puffing about with their loads of passengers seem out of keeping with the melancholy majesty of the old city. It is said, also, that they are a real injury, agitating the water of the canals roughly, and so undermining the foundations of the old palaces.

The hotels are mostly palaces, and ours was no exception to the rule. The largest have usually a garden, and this is expected to be the real sitting-room for the guests. Our garden bordered the Grand Canal, just where it widens into the lagoon; and, whenever it was warm enough (for this spring was a cool one), one could sit there, and watch the stars come out, and the reflection in the water of stars and lights from the boats on the canal. Almost always there was singing, and music from guitars; and with this mingled the call of the gondoliers, —"*Premi-i-i!*" "*Sta-i-i!*"

The drawback in Venice is that there is so *much* beauty of so many kinds, so *much* to see, that no one can help being bewildered and overwhelmed by it. If one were never to enter a building nor look at a painting nor visit a church, but spend a whole week merely floating about in a gondola, through the canals and out on the lagoons, drinking in the beauty of Venice as a whole, it would be well worth crossing the ocean for; and the impression would be more simple and perfect. But no one *could* do this. It would be impossible.

Some of the sights of Venice are very fatiguing. The *outside* of the Ducal Palace produces a sense of tranquil enjoyment which is very agreeable. But to visit the inside is a Herculean task. No plans nor guide-book make it possible to find out with certainty where you are, nor can any mind retain a clear impression of the acres of paintings on the ceilings and walls; while the prisons with which the visitor concludes leave a painful impression, and make us glad to live in the nineteenth century.

I was mistaken in saying that *no one* could describe Venice. Byron could. When he said,—

> "I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
> A palace and a prison on each hand,"

he conveyed an *impression* which no one else could give in a volume. There is indeed a flavor of prison and dungeon pervading Venice. The palaces are *en évidence*-but there is a gloomy substructure every, where. The entrance to our banker's was through damp stone vaults so forbidding that we paused in dismay, expecting to walk over an oubliette, and feel it give way under us. These dismal places are only cellars now; but what were they formerly?

The visits to the churches, if taken quietly and peacefully, are very agreeable. If the service is in Latin, which takes it away from the ken of the common people, the Church itself is always open to them, with its holy influences.* "Come unto me, and I will give you rest!" it seemed to say. It must be better for men and women to be able to enter a church at any hour of the day all through the week. If Sunday in Roman Catholic countries is a little too much like Saturday afternoon elsewhere,

there may be an hour of Sabbath rest and calm any and every week-day. The sense of human brotherhood and of belonging to the Church Universal that this silent, constant welcome gives is very touching. If we foreigners and Protestants could not join in the service (and if there was no service), we could always utter a silent prayer for peace and good will among men.

One distinct impression of a wonderfully beautiful scene remains on our minds. One day we turned at once from our hotel into the canals running back into the city, and roamed about for some time, watching the beautiful "effects" and "bits" of color and shadow. By and by our gondola shot out on the broad lagoon into the sunlight, and directly before us, beyond the lagoon, lay a long range of distant mountains, covered with new-fallen snow,—the mountains of Friuli. To our astonished cry of amazement and delight, Luigi answered: "No, it was not often they were seen thus. Very seldom." The snow must have recently fallen, and the clear atmosphere of that day made the mountains plainly visible. Here was a wonderful vision of beauty and glory to carry away with us. L. F. C.

BIOGRAPHY.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

In these days of well-trained nurses and finely equipped hospitals, it is interesting to look back to one of the pioneers in this work, and to study the life of one who organized and led the first corps of nurses to the battlefield and army hospital.

Florence Nightingale was the younger daughter of William Shore Nightingale, of Embley Park, Hampshire, and Lea Hurst, Derbyshire. She was born in May, 1820, in Florence, Italy, and from that city took her name. Her mother was the daughter of William Smith, an eminent philanthropist; and it is probable that Florence inherited her love of humanity from this grandfather. She enjoyed all the advantages of a good education. Travelling extensively, she became a good linguist, all of which aided her much in her after career. As a little girl, she was devoted to animals, looking after the comfort of her various pets, and even taming and feeding the squirrels about her home. Florence was very fond of riding her pony, and used to accompany the clergyman of the parish, when he went to visit the sick and poor. He being somewhat of a doctor, she took her first lessons in nursing from him. She began soon the systematic study of medicine; and, whenever a trip to London or some other large city was undertaken by her family, she seized the opportunity to visit schools, hospitals, and reformatories, carefully studying the various methods of treatment. She said, "I have visited all the hospitals in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, many country hospitals, some of the naval and military hospitals in England, those in Berlin, and many others in Germany, as well as at Lyons, Rome, Alexandria, Constantinople, and Brussels." In 1851 Miss Nightingale spent some months studying with the Protestant Sisters of Mercy at Kaiserswerth on the Rhine. Pastor Fliedner, the founder and director of that institution, said that no one had ever passed so distinguished an examination or shown herself so thoroughly mistress of all she had learned. Before long an opportunity presented itself for applying the practical lessons; for, having heard that the Governesses' Sanitarium in Harley Street, London, languished for want of supervision and support, she generously devoted both her personal energies and private means to its restoration and thorough organization. This work had hardly been accomplished when, before she had time to recover her overtaxed strength, new demands were made upon her spirit of self-sacrifice.

The Crimean War had begun. The inefficiency and mismanagement of the military hospitals led to an outburst of public feeling in England. Money poured in for the relief of the suffering soldiers, but more than this was needed. Several plans were proposed, the most popular of which was the sending out of a select band of nurses. The late Lord Herbert, Secretary of War, wrote her: "There is, as far as I know, only one person in England capable of organizing and directing such a plan; and I have been several times on the point of asking you if you would be disposed to make the attempt. That it will be difficult to form a corps of nurses, no one knows better than yourself.

I have this simple question to put to you: Could you go out yourself, and take charge of everything? It is, of course, understood that you will have absolute authority over all the nurses, unlimited power to draw on the government for all that you judge necessary to the success of your mission; and I think I may assure you of the co-operation of the medical staff. Your personal qualities, your knowledge, and your authority in administrative affairs, all fit you for this position."

This letter crossed one from Miss Nightingale, written the same day, offering to go to the Crimea. Shortly after she started on her mission, accompanied by thirty-four nurses.

Mrs. Jameson wrote: "It is an undertaking wholly new to our English customs, much at variance with the usual education given to women in this country. If it succeeds, it will be the true, the lasting glory of Florence Nightingale and her band of devoted assistants that they have broken down this Chinese wall of prejudices, religious, social, professional, and have established a precedent which will, indeed, multiply the good to all time."

Miss Nightingale arrived the day of the battle of Inkerman. No eulogy can do justice to the devotion she constantly displayed in her self-imposed task. By instituting order where confusion had reigned, and affording care and consolation, she alleviated the sufferings of all, and saved the lives of many, earning the blessings of the sick and wounded as well as the gratitude of her country.

*Miss Nightingale, calm and unobtrusive, went quietly among the men, always with a smile of sympathy for the suffering. The soldiers often wept as, for the first time in months, even years, a woman's hand adjusted their pillows and a woman's voice soothed their sorrows.

Miss Nightingale's path was not an easy one. Her coming did not meet the general approval of military or medical officials. Some thought that women would be in the way, others felt their coming an interference; but with good sense and much tact she was able to overcome the disaffection.

As soon as the wounded were attended to, she established an invalid's kitchen, where appetizing food could be prepared,—one of the essentials in convalescence. Here she overlooked the proper cooking for eight hundred men who could not eat ordinary food. Then she established a laundry. The beds and shirts of the men were in a filthy condition, some wearing the ragged clothing in which they were brought down from the Crimea. It was difficult to procure either food or clothing, partly from the immense amount of "red tape" in official life.

Miss Nightingale seemed to be everywhere. Dr. Pincoff said, "I believe there never was a severe case of any kind that escaped her notice; and sometimes it was wonderful to see her at the bedside of a patient who had been admitted perhaps but an hour before, and of whose arrival one would hardly have supposed it possible she could already be cognizant." She aided the senior chaplain in establishing a library and school-room and in getting up evening lectures for the men. She supplied books and games, wrote letters for the sick, and forwarded their little savings to their home friends.

For a year and a half, until the close of the war, she did a wonderful work, reducing the death-rate in the barrack hospital from 60 per cent. to a little above 1 per cent. Said the *Times* correspondent: "Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, and the hand of the spoiler distressingly nigh, there is that incomparable woman sure to be seen. Her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort even amid the struggles of expiring nature. She is a 'ministering angel,' without any exaggeration, in these hospitals; and, as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed, alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds.

"With the heart of a true woman and the manner of a lady, accomplished and refined beyond most of her sex, she combines a surprising calmness of judgment and promptitude and decision of character. The popular instinct was not mistaken which, when she

*From Mrs. Bolton's "Girls who became Famous."

set out for England on her mission of mercy, hailed her a heroine. I trust she may not earn her title to a higher though sadder appellation. No one who has observed her fragile figure and delicate health can avoid misgivings lest these should fail."

Finally, the war came to an end. London was preparing to give Miss Nightingale a royal welcome, when, lo! she took passage by design on a French steamer, and reached Lea Hurst Aug. 15, 1856, unbeknown to any one. There was a murmur of disappointment at first, but the people could only honor the more the woman who wished no blare of trumpets for her humane acts.

Queen Victoria sent for her to visit her at Balmoral, and presented her with a valuable jewel,—a ruby-red enamel cross on a white field encircled by a black band, with the words, "Blessed are the merciful." The letters "V.R.," surmounted by a crown in diamonds, are impressed upon the centre of the cross. Green enamel branches of palm, tipped with gold, form the framework of the shield, while around their stems is a riband of the blue enamel, with the single word "Crimea." On the top are three brilliant stars of diamonds. On the back is an inscription written by the queen. The sultan sent her a magnificent bracelet.

The government presented her with $250,000 in recognition of her services, which at her request was devoted to the foundation of an institution for the training of nurses, now carried out at St. Thomas Hospital in London, in the Nightingale Home. She has written several books. "Notes on Hospitals," a valuable work, which had a very large circulation, appeared in 1859. "Notes on Nursing," of which nearly one hundred thousand copies were sold, was published in 1860, and "Observations on the Sanitary State of the Army in India" in 1863.

Although confined to her house by constant ill-health, she has been ceaselessly at work for the welfare of the British subjects in India, in all matters affecting their health, education, and social benefit. Sanitary measures and nursing arrangements for the army at home and abroad occupy her thoughts and time. During the Civil War in America she was frequently consulted on questions affecting the health of the army and assistance for the wounded in the field. During the Franco-Prussian War she was similarly appealed to by the Germans. Her name is as well known in America as in England.

NATURAL HISTORY.

DOWN IN THE MEADOW.

The bird-baby world is not bounded by any pasture, however enchanting; and I have not told all the charms of this one. The house where I found bed and board, in the intervals of bird study,—once a farm-house, now an "inn of rest" for a country-loving family,—was happily possessed of two attractions: the pasture toward which I turned with the morning sun, and a meadow which drew me when shadows grew long in the afternoon. This meadow began at the road passing in front of the house, and extended to the salt marsh which separated us from the sea. The marsh was always a beautiful picture,

> "Stretching off in a pleasant plain
> To the terminal blue of the main."

It was never twice the same, for it changed with every passing cloud, with every phase of weather, with every tide: one never tired of it. And it was full of winged life,—not only the beautiful gulls, but small birds of several kinds, who never came near enough to be identified. Sharp-tailed sparrows appeared on the meadow after grass was cut, and their exquisite ringing trill could always be heard from the bank; crows fed upon it every day; blackbirds' wings were always over it; and, above all, sandpipers were there,

> "Calling clear and sweet from cove to cove."

One afternoon, starting down the meadow on my usual visit to the sandpiper little folk, I heard a low cry of "flick-er! flick-er!" and there on the grass before me were two of the birds face to face. One was an adult, but the other was a nearly grown young one; and I saw in an instant that I had unwittingly intruded upon the breakfast he was about to receive. In the golden-wing family —as perhaps not every one knows—a repast is not over with one poke into an open bill: it is a far more serious affair, indeed. The young bird opens his mouth a little, the par-

ent thrusts his or her beak down the waiting throat until one would think the infant must be choked; and then the elder delivers little pokes as he pushes down the mouthfuls,—six, eight, even ten I have counted before he stops. Then the heads draw apart; and the grown-up—who has plainly come well provided—makes a sort of spasmodic movement in his own throat, probably raising from some internal reservoir another portion of food, the infant opens his beak again, and the operation is repeated.

Of course, my presence interfered with this elaborate, several-course breakfast; and the elder of the two fell to reproaching me by loud calls and vehement bows in my direction. At first the youngster seemed paralyzed; but suddenly he also began to bow and sway, exactly as papa was doing. Anything more ludicrous than those two birds standing face to face and performing such antics it is hard to imagine. No one but a flicker could be at the same time so serious and so absurd.

At the edge of the meadow, where it sloped down to the marsh, lived one whose days were full of trouble, which he took care to make known to the world,—a

"Fire-winged blackbird, wearing on his shoulders
Red, gold-edged epaulets."

His little family, not yet out of the nest, was safely settled behind a clump of bushes that fringed the marsh. But he, in his rôle of protector, had taken possession of two trees on the high land, where he could overlook the whole neighborhood, and see all dangers, real or fancied, that might, could, would, or should threaten them, and "borrow trouble" to his heart's content. The troubles of this Martha-like character began when mowers brought their clattering machine, laid low the grass which isolated him from the rest of the world, and that impertinent world poured in.

First came crows, from their homes in the woods beyond the pasture, to feast on the numerous hoppers and crawlers left rootless by the mowers, and to procure food for their hungry young, and alighted in the stubble, two or three or half a dozen at a time. By this the soul of the redwing was fired, and with savage war-cries he descended upon them. The bird on the ground turned from his insect hunt long enough to snap at his threatening enemy, and then returned to his serious business.

Between my morning in the pasture and my afternoon down the meadow were two or three hours of rest beside my window; and there, too, the drama of life went on. On one side was an orchard,—an orchard, alas! without bluebirds; for it was the summer following the dreadful tragedy in Florida, where thousands perished of hunger, and not one of the blue-coated darlings was to be seen where there had always been many. Perhaps, too, even more destructive than death by hunger that year is that which, I am assured, is common in all years about Washington, and doubtless other places,—death at the hands of man—for the table. Who could eat a bluebird! It is bad enough to doom the bobolink to the pot after he has changed his coat and become a reed-bird and given some reason for his fate by his fondness for rice. But what excuse can there be for bringing the "darling of the spring" to this woful end?

To the deserted orchard came but one bird, a phœbe; and I believe his object was to retire from the world, for he was the most modest bird of his family that I ever saw. He dwelt in an obscure corner, and never so much as tried the peak of the barn, which was temptingly near. When he called, it was almost in a whisper.

Under my window on the other side came a vesper-sparrow family. Three youngsters in bright new coats, quite unlike the worn and faded hues of their parents' dress. On the stone wall, or perched on a telegraph pole, close to the solitary insulator on the summit, the singer poured out his sweet little song, ending, in his best moods, in an exquisite trill that resembled the silver bell of the chewink. The family spent their time in the road or the meadow, the mother working hard to supply the hungry little mouths, which gave vent to queer whining cries. One day, when it was raining, the mother and one infant were out on the usual business, when suddenly they became aware of a chipmunk about eighteen inches from them; and at the same instant he saw them. He sat up very erect to look over the grass, and, holding his funny little hands over his heart, stared at the pair as if he had never seen birds. The baby sparrow flew a foot or two; but the elder ran toward him most

valiantly, upon which the chipmunk took to his heels, scrambled up the stone wall, and disappeared.—*From "Upon the Tree-tops," by Olive Thorne Miller.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all matter for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 3 Webster Street, Allston, Mass.*]

BEFORE WRITING TO ASK FOR BOOKS, DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book*." This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise, she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.— Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes, saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" *Unless otherwise stated, all* books offered in this department are *given*, and the postage paid.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending lists or letters to the secretary.

OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.?

The following books are offered by the Cambridge Branch. Address Mrs. C. W. Kettell, 19 Brewster Street, Cambridge, Mass. Old correspondents will please address the members to whom they have formerly written. In order to receive books from the Cambridge Branch, it will be necessary henceforth to send a reference with the *first* request.

Educational.

Young's "Elements of Astronomy"; Youmans's "Chemistry"; Sherwin's "Algebra"; Wells's "Natural Philosophy"; Hart's "Composition and Rhetoric"; Agassiz and Gould's "Principles of Zoölogy"; "First Natural History Reader," "Interstate Primer and First Reader," "Children's Second Reader," E. M. Cyr; Dickens's "Child's History of England"; Saroni's "Musical Grammar"; Mason's "Primary Musical Reader"; Mason's "Second Musical Reader."

Religious.

"Joy, Rest, and Faith," "The Changed Life," Drummond; "Natural Religion," Seeley; Theodore Parker's "Experience as a Minister"; "Life Eternal," T. F. Wright; "Three Phases of Modern Theology," J. H. Allen.

Biography.

"Life of Harriet Tubman"; "Biography of W. W. Seaton"; "Recollections of H. W. Bellows."

Fiction.

"Waverley," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," Scott; "Treasure Island," "John Nicholson," Stevenson; "Romola"; "Scenes from Clerical Life"; "Quo Vadis," "With Fire and Sword," Sienkiewicz; "American Politician," "Marzio's Crucifix," Crawford; "A Reverend Idol"; "The Seaboard Parish," MacDonald; "Far from the Madding Crowd," Hardy; "The Burglar who moved Paradise," H. D. Ward; "Wooed and Married"; "The Regent's Daughter."

Miscellaneous.

"Life in Paris"; "Friends in Council," Helps; "Margaret and her Friends"; "Union Glee Book"; "Crown of Wild Olive," "Sesame and Lilies," Ruskin; "Education of the Human Race," Lessing; "Essays," Bacon; "Kitchen Gardener"; "Labor and the Popular Welfare," Mallock.

The King's Chapel Branch of *The Cheerful Letter* offers the following books. Address Miss Rosamond Lang, 8 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass.

Latin Books.

Allen and Greenough's "Latin Grammar," "Cicero," "Cicero with Vocabulary," "Ovid," "Cæsar with Vocabulary," "Guide to Latin Composition," "Latin Selections"; Allen's "Latin Reader," "Introduction to Latin Composition," "Latin Selections," "Latin Grammar," "Latin Primer," "Latin Lexicon"; Greenough's Virgil's "Bucolics," six books of the "Æneid"; Collar and Daniel's "Beginner's Latin," "First Latin Book," "Latin Reader"; Collar's "Practical Latin Composition," "Gate to Cæsar"; Leighton's "Latin Lessons"; Arnold's "Latin Prose Composition"; Heatly and Kingdon's "Gradatim"; "Cæsar's Civil War, Vocabulary"; Harkness's "First Latin Book," "Latin Reader," "Cæsar's Commentaries," "Introductory Latin Book"; Andrews and Stoddard's "Latin Grammar"; Andrews's "Latin Reader," "Latin Exercises," "Latin Lessons"; Jones's "First Lessons in Latin"; Pennett's "First Latin Writer"; Döderlein's "Latin Synonyms"; Harper and Burgess's "Introductive Latin Method"; Kelsey's "Cæsar's Gallic War"; Chase's "Horace," "Cicero," "Nepos," "Virgil's Æneid"; "Selections from Ovid and Virgil"; "Selections from History of Rome"; "Selections from Latin Classic Authors"; "Cicero without Vocabulary"; "Extracts from Cicero"; "Sallust"; "Livy"; "Terence"; Plautus's "Comedies."

French Books.

Chardenal's "Complete Course"; Keetel's "Elementary Oral Method"; Fasquelle's "French Course"; Noel and Chapsal's "Grammar" (for young children); "Beginning French"; "Natural French Method"; "French Primer"; odd grammars; Hennequin's "Lessons in Idiomatic French"; Duffet's "French Method"; Blouet's "Composition"; Roulier's "First and Second Books"; Scudder's "Translating English into French"; Fleury's "History of France"; Lavisse's "History of France"; Fleury's "History of France" (for children); Roche's "Les Prosateurs Français"; Marque's "Literature"; Albert's "Literature of France in the Seventeenth Century"; Duffet's "Literature"; books on pronunciation and French speaking; Pinney's "Reader"; Keetel's "Reader"; Collot's "Reader"; Pylodet's "Reader"; Otto's "Reader"; Ahn's "Reader"; Janan's "Reader"; "Le Livre des Petits Enfants"; French-English Dictionaries; "Le Tailleur de Pierres de Saint Point," Lamartine; "Le Chanson de Roland"; "Peppino"; "Ventura"; Michelet's "Louis XI. and Charles le Française"; "Après la Pluie et le Beau Temps"; Gréville's "Dosia"; "French Fables"; "Au Coin de Feu"; "Carré"; "Télémache"; "French Prose and Poetry"; "Mme. de Pressensé"; "Rosa."

German Books.

Otto's "German Grammar," "German Reader," "English into German"; Follen's "German Grammar"; Ahn's "German Grammar," "Rudiments of the German Language," "Method of Learning German"; Whitney's "German Grammar"; Eysenbach's "German Grammar"; Ollendorff's "Method of Learning German"; Adler's "German Reader"; Deutch's "Colloquial Exercises"; "German Reader"; "First German Book."

Italian Books.

Ollendorff's "Italian Grammar"; Key to Ollendorff's "Italian Grammar"; Sauer's "Italian Grammar"; "English Tourist in Italy"; "Complete Italian Master."

Greek Books.

Xenophon's "Anabasis Vocabulary"; Goodwin's "Greek Grammar"; White's "First Lessons in Greek"; Xenophon's "Hellenica"; Goodwin's "Greek Reader"; Jones's "Exercises in Greek Prose"; Goodwin's "Greek Moods and Tenses"; Hadley's "Greek Grammar"; "Easy Selections from Xenophon"; "Classic Greek Words"; Merry's "Fourth Greek Reader"; Goodwin's "Greek Lessons"; Moss's "First Greek Reader"; Coy's "First Greek Reader"; Lexicon to Xenophon's "Anabasis"; Ferguson's "Questions on Cæsar and Xenophon."

Mathematics.

Cooke's "Laboratory Practice"; "Treatise on Elementary Geometry"; "Plane and Solid Geometries," Wentworth; Hopkins's "Plane Geometry"; Greenleaf's "Key to Elementary Geometry"; Bowser's "Academic Algebra"; "Elements of Algebra"; Wentworth and Hill's "A Practical Arithmetic"; Greenleaf's "Key to Natural Arithmetic"; Walsh's "Grammar

School Arithmetic"; Bailey's "American Mental Arithmetic."

Geographies.

Swinton's "Grammar School Geography"; Warren's "Physical Geography"; Fry's "Complete Geography"; Mitchell's "School Atlas."

Miscellaneous.

"Essays on English Authors"; Mrs. Fawcett's "Political Economy"; Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar"; Dillaway's "Roman Antiquities and Ancient Mythologies"; "Normal Music Course"; Bible; "Restatements of Christian Doctrines" (Dr. Bellows); "Palestine and the Hebrew People"; Frothingham's "Child's Book of Religion."

REQUESTS.

[*Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.*]

Standing requests for libraries from: —

Mrs. O. A. Langston, Sidney, Comanche County, Texas;

Mrs. C. S. Stowell, Magnolia, Boulder County, Colorado;

Mr. Davis M'Carn, Anamosa, Iowa;

Mrs. D. Jayne, Jamestown, Chautauqua County, New York;

Mrs. Emma Miner, Lisbon, New Hampshire;

Stephen D. Rhoden, La Pine, Crenshaw County, Alabama;

Mrs. Isadore E. Rice, Oakland, Oregon.

Mrs. Margaret Ogilvie, "The Bonnie Briars," Grand Junction, Colorado. Mrs. Ogilvie is struggling to place in each school in her county, where the school committee will furnish a bookcase, a collection of good books. She has already supplied several schools, but there are three or four more in which she is particularly interested.

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.)

S. G. Moore, Slocum, Georgia, asks for any reading for distribution.

Miss Libbie Como, Vischer Ferry, Saratoga County, New York, an invalid confined to her bed for ten years, and living with strangers, would be thankful for any of the following books: "Hills of the Shatemuc," "Melbourne House," "The Old Helmet," "My Brother's Keeper," "Search for Basil Lyndhurst," and any of Miss Alcott's.

I will be glad to receive any text-books, copy-books, journals, or anything that treats on penmanship, which I could use individually or in class use. Edmund Foster, Kendal, North Carolina.

I am a "shut in," in every sense of the word. For weeks I am unable to leave my room. Then I manage to creep in an adjoining room and sit up for a few minutes for a day or two, then back to bed again. I am too poor to buy books or subscribe for papers, as my doctor's bills take all my little income. I should be so glad to get any kind of good, light reading, novels, story papers, or magazines. Would like some one to send me *Saturday Evening Post*, "The Mill on the Floss," "Jane Eyre," "Infelice," or any good novels. They will be appreciated. (Miss) Kate A. Winck, Lloyd, Jefferson County, Florida.

I wish to thank those who sent me reading; and, as some did not send an address, I take this way. I am hardly able to get about this summer; and in this lonely country the long days are very dreary, and good reading is such a blessing. I would like to have a general history, any work on zoölogy, botany, or any interesting reading. Charles De Roche, Waterloo, Oklahoma.

Mrs. F. C. White, Bacona, Washington County, Oregon, asks for "Six Months in New Hampshire," and the "Story the Key told me."

Mollie Meade, Palmer, Illinois, a "shut-in," will be glad to receive Sabbath reading, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Five Little Peppers Midway," and any of Miss Alcott's.

Miss Minnie Thomas, Charlotte, North Carolina, asks for "Witness of Earth to Heaven."

John B. Witt, Epperson, Tennessee, would like Testaments and Sunday-school books, or lessons to be used in a Sunday-school.

Mrs. Lila Poplin, Diamond Hill, North Carolina, asks for easy reading or pictures for young children.

Mrs. L. S. Lee has moved from San Diego to Santa Ana, California, and hopes her friends will remember her in her new home.

Miss Alice Rogers, Allwood, Virginia, asks for magazines containing pictures of authors or their homes.

Miss Ruth Maness, Polkton, North Carolina, would like to receive "What Kind of a Place is Heaven?"

Mrs. James W. Newcomb, Sayers, Texas, asks for the address of Mrs. Snow which was accidentally destroyed before being copied.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

Contributions for this department may be sent to Mrs. J. S. Howe, Chestnut Street, Brookline, Mass.

A mother constantly repeats that she loves her child; and yet she hectors him, envelops him in an atmosphere of fault-finding, and wearies him by a thousand useless little restraints. He is often reproved when walking with her for skipping instead of moving along demurely, for asking questions, for being too much a live thing with independent motive power and too little of a machine. This is a certain way to weaken affection and destroy desire for obedience. Interference, however forceful, can be borne when it relates to important affairs; but interference with little things, which every one recognizes as trivial, is intolerable, both because it destroys all liberty of action, and because it plainly shows a fault-finding, domineering spirit in the person exercising the restraint.

Sometimes not selfishness, but that oversolicitude called fussiness, leads a parent astray. Of course, a small child must be protected daily and hourly from harm; but such interposition should not be thrust upon his notice until he can see the sense of it. It must not only be conceded, as it sometimes is with a sigh of despair, as if one wished for a remedy for the dreadful fact, but it must be borne in mind at all times, as a permanent rule, that, the child's life being at first nearly altogether objective, incessant bodily activity is natural to him. His dwelling is a laboratory in which he carries on all sorts of experiments. The grown person sits still and cognizes the properties of all things through the sense of sight, past experience supplying him with data from which to form a judgment. But the child depends mainly for information upon the sense of touch, all other senses being comparatively untrustworthy. Some naturalists assert that all other senses have developed from the sense of touch. This would furnish a sufficient explanation of the primary dependence placed upon it by the inexperienced investigator. The natural order of education is to begin with the concrete and proceed to the abstract; and, touch being the least abstract sense, it is the first natural avenue to knowledge. Not only is the child to gain information through this means, but he is so to achieve his moral education. A judicious parent, instead of impulsively interfering with all those bodily activities which seem to his sober mind dangerous and useless, will relate to these experiments his own advice and friendly caution, standing aside and letting Nature have her way with the child, while he makes it apparent that he is ready to be called upon in case of need and glad to give required help.

In all cases where a slight hurt will educate, interference should be withheld. Herbert Spencer demonstrates in the clearest manner that a warning of danger, followed by sympathy when the warning has been verified, is the most effective way of inspiring a child with confidence in his parents and fixing in his mind an impression of actions to be avoided. And it ought to be borne in mind that the experience is enough, without tiresome iterations on the part of the parent that it has suffered for disobedience. That fact is known already; and the effort to impress it more deeply is revolting, and arouses an animosity which is, most of all things, to be avoided. *From "Nursery Ethics," by Florence Hull Winterburn.*

(To be continued.)

Life, whether in this world or any other, is the sum of our attainment, our experience, our character.—*Chapin.*

OCTOBER.

Bending above the spicy woods which blaze,
Arch skies so blue they flash, and hold the sun
Immeasurably far; the waters run
Too slow, so freighted are the river-ways
With gold of elms and birches from the maze
Of forests. Chestnuts, clicking one by one,
Escape from satin burs; her fringes done,
The gentian spreads them out in sunny days,
And, like late revellers at dawn, the chance
Of one sweet, mad, last hour, all things assail,
And, conquering, flush and spin; while to enhance
The spell, by sunset door, wrapped in a veil
Of red and purple mists, the Summer, pale,
Steals back alone for one more song and dance.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

In late September, when we have almost ceased to hope for new flowers, we are in luck if we chance upon this

"Blossom bright with autumn dew,"

whose

"Sweet and quiet eye
Looks through its fringes to the sky,—
Blue, blue, as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall";

for the fringed gentian is fickle in its habits. And the fact that we have located it one season does not mean that we will find it in the same place the following year. Being a biennial, with seeds that are easily washed away, it is apt to change its haunts from time to time. So our search for this plant is always attended with the charm of uncertainty. Once having ferreted out its new abiding-place, however, we can satiate ourselves with its loveliness, which it usually lavishes unstintingly upon the moist meadows which it has elected to honor. Thoreau describes its color as "such a dark blue, surpassing that of the male bluebird's back." My experience has been that the flowers which grow in the shade are of a clear, pure azure,—"heaven's own blue," as Bryant claims; while those which are found in open, sunny meadows may be justly said to vie with the back of the male bluebird. If the season has been a mild one, we shall perhaps find a few blossoms lingering into November; but the plant is probably blighted by a severe frost, although Miss Emily Dickinson's little poem voices another opinion:—

But just before the snows
There came a purple creature
That ravished all the hill;
And Summer hid her forehead,
And mockery was still.
The frosts were her condition:
The Tyrian would not come
Until the North evoked it,—
"Creator, shall I bloom?"

—*Mrs. William Starr Dana.*

NOW.

If you have a kind word, say it:
Throbbing hearts soon sink to rest.
If you owe a kindness, pay it:
Life's sun hurries to the west.

Can you do a kind deed, do it
From despair some soul to save.
Bless each day as you pass through it,
Marching onward to the grave.

If some grand thing for to-morrow
You are dreaming, do it now.
From the future do not borrow:
Frost soon gathers on the brow.

Speak thy word, perform thy duty,
Night is coming deep with rest.
Stars will gleam in fadeless beauty,
Grasses whisper o'er thy breast.

Days for deeds are few, my brother:
Then to-day fulfil thy vow.
If you mean to help another,
Do not dream it, do it now.

—*Rev. J. S. Cutler.*

Do to-day thy nearest duty.—*Goethe.*

There are some quiet souls which drink in the light and mirror it, as the still sea drinks in and mirrors the sunshine.—*Collyer.*

The serene, silent beauty of a holy life is the most powerful influence in the world next to the might of the Spirit of God.—*Spurgeon.*

The more difficulties one has to encounter within and without, the more significant and the higher in inspiration his life will be. The very troubles that others look on with pity, as if he had taken up a kind of piety more perilous and burdensome than was necessary, will be his fields of victory; and his course of life will be just as much

happier as it is more consciously heroic. He has something great to live for,—nay, something worthy even to die for, if he must,—that which makes it glorious to live, and not less glorious to die.—*H. Bushnell.*

We shall not die until our work be done;
We shall not cease until our course be run;
We shall not fade or fail
While heart and faith prevail,
Or aught is to be won
Beneath the constant sun.

Just in proportion as a man becomes good, divine, Christ-like, he passes out of the region of theorizing, of system-building and hireling service, into the region of beneficent activities. It is well to think well: it is divine to act well.—*Horace Mann.*

THE USE OF TIME.

Few of the facts of our life are more mysterious and inexplicable, more paradoxical and contradictory, than the commonest and simplest of all; that is, the progress of time. Time is the most rigid and at the same time the most elastic of all things. Time is a stream which bears all creatures on at the same rate. Time and events happen alike to all. Why should not sluggishness of hand and laziness of mind drop back, and be left a month or a year behind in time, as they would be left a mile or ten miles behind in space? Why should not genius and energy get on faster and arrive sooner? But no! We are all immersed in the same *now*. The same moment arrives at once to all the thousand millions of beings on the earth. . . .

The moment which has not yet come is perfectly fluid. It is open to us all. We can put into it what we please. It arrives out of the future, a shadowy possibility: it crystallizes, in that infinitesimal moment we call the present, around whatever we think or feel or say or do, and is gone forever, holding in its adamantine grasp the irrevocable action. The good action is sealed up, and made immortal: the bad action is sealed up, and can never be recalled.

This same element of time is a very flexible and elastic material. How it stretches out to some persons! How much more a day, an hour, is to one person than another!

Yes, how much more to each of us are our few hours of fiery inspiration and insight than the months in which we hammer mechanically this experience into opinion on the anvils of logic! How much more we live in the deep, momentary experiences of faith, generosity, love, than in the dreary years of routine which follow them! We see then what is meant by *redeeming* time: it is to live so as to be glad, not sad, when we look back. We waste our time doing too many things, reading too many books, seeing too many people, talking too much. Therefore, we do nothing well. Let us write in our souls this maxim,— quality, not quantity; never hurry; take time to do what you ought to do as well as you can do it. That is the only way to take time.— *From "Self-culture," by James Freeman Clarke.*

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[*Please send all material for this department to Miss E. D. Chapman, 34 Buckingham Street, Cambridge, Mass.*]

INAUGURAL COUPLETS.

1.

Which President his horse bestrode,
And off to his inaugural rode?

2.

Who first his oath of office took,
In open air, while all might look?

3.

Who, fearing much some dark surprise,
Came to his oath in deep disguise?

4.

Who first at Washington did swear
The nation's good should be his care?

5.

What Presidents took the oath of state
On other than the March 4th date?

6.

What man to his inaugural hied
Just one short month before he died?

7.

What Presidents did oaths delay
Because March 4th was Sabbath Day?

8.

Who, at his New York residence,
Became one of our Presidents?

9.

Who was succeeded by the one
Whom he succeeded the next run?

10.

What Presidents to Quaker town
To their inaugurals did come down?

11.

Who, after his inaugural oath,
To kiss his mother was not loath.

12.

Who rode to his inaugural fate
In carriage made of Ship of State?

From "Sphinx Lore."

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a man with a wooden leg like the "Maine"?
2. Why does a highly polished floor require a knowledge of music?
3. Why is a pond-lily like a whale?
4. How do we know that Noah discovered electricity before Edison?
5. How does a lawn-sprinkler differ from a Chinaman?
6. Why does tying a horse to a post improve his pace?

SHAKSPEARE PUZZLE.

These letters form a sentence of thirteen letters found in one of Shakspeare's plays, t t t o o o o b b e e n r.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

VEGETABLE SALAD.

Parsnips, mangoes, sprouts, squash, beet, lettuce, peas, turnip, potatoes.

BURIED CITIES.

Berne, Troy, Tyre, Hanover, Thebes, Key West, Macon, Dover, Ryde, Rome, St. Petersburg, Easton, Reading, Andover, Kingston.

CHARADE.

Puritan.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Goes into mourning. 2. Because their bills are all over-due.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meetings will be resumed at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on Friday, October 7, at 10.30 A.M. All interested in the work are cordially invited to be present.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

Subscribers are requested to send all changes of address to the treasurer as promptly as possible; for, owing to the new postal regulations, *second-class matter* cannot be *forwarded* unless the extra postage is *prepaid*.

DIRECTIONS.

EDITOR,—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 3 Webster Street, Allston, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Louise Howe, 53 Linden Street, Brookline Mass., or 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Subscriptions and renewals should be sent to the treasurer, also all changes of address and requests for discontinuance. The subscription is fifty cents a year. If subscribers do not receive the paper regularly, they are requested to notify Miss Howe at once.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Miss Louise Howe, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.

Notice that requests for membership and for correspondents go to Miss Langmaid, our secretary; requests for books and offers of books to Mrs. Nichols.